

The Highland Weekly News.

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Editor and Proprietor.

A Family Journal---Devoted to News, Politics, Literature, Agriculture, Markets, &c.

(One Dollar a Year;
Strictly in Advance.)

VOL. XXIV.

HILLSBOROUGH, HIGHLAND COUNTY, OHIO, THURSDAY, JUNE 7, 1860.

NUMBER 6.

Poetry.

(From the Ohio Farmer.)
SPRING MUSIC.
There is a little singer
In the grass,
His voice falls and quivers,
Like the playing of a violin.
As he sings,
The earth is the singer
In the grass.
There is a rain of music
From the sky,
The sun is the singer
In the sky,
The dew is the singer
In the dew,
The wind is the singer
In the wind,
The birds are the singers
In the air,
The flowers are the singers
In the earth,
The trees are the singers
In the wood,
The mountains are the singers
In the distance,
The stars are the singers
In the night,
The moon is the singer
In the sky,
The sun is the singer
In the day,
The earth is the singer
In the world,
The life is the singer
In the soul.

(From the N. Y. Saturday Press.)
MAY AFTERNOON.
The apple-blossoms have opened the trees
With perfumed branches of early snow,
And the birds are singing in the air,
Above the meadow water.
The clouds of sunset and breeze,
The drowsy hum of the bees,
The sweet birds, with gold-tipped wings,
Round the meadow water.
The warm, soft light of the sun,
The soft, sweet music of the stream,
The soft, sweet music of the stream,
As though 'twere some delicious dream.

The Home Circle.

Another Real Life Romance.

The citizens of Columbus, and visitors at the Capitol, will recollect a beautiful young girl, apparently "sweet sixteen," who daily carried about the Legislative Halls and State offices, a handsomely wrought basket containing the sweetest and plumpiest oranges. Oh, yes! everybody remembers Ettie, the beautiful orange girl, and has wondered in what nook she has hidden for the last two months; for no more her sweet face and girlish form is seen in the Capitol, and interesting clerks with a great admiration for the rotunda, are obliged to forego glimpses of the neatest gaitered foot tripping up the marble stairs.

Everybody about the State House admired Ettie, but it was with a respectful admiration, and if a gruff legislator was tempted to jest with the girl, or make light remarks, he was restrained by the modest demeanor and pure soul-look appealing from her heaven-blue eyes.

Ettie always brought a full basket and went tripping home with an empty one, and her scarlet silk purse filled with silver coin. She was the sole dependence of a widowed mother, and her noble efforts to keep away want were known and made the fruit from her basket ten times sweeter.

When the great Union Meeting of the Tennessee, Kentucky and Ohio Legislatures was held in Ohio's Capitol, the beautiful orange girl was tripping about, disposing of her fruit to the "sons of the South," and receiving the homage of admiring glances from all.

At the end of the hall, viewing the noble row of the legislative residences on Third street, stood alone a youthful member of the Tennessee Legislature, when he was startled by a silvery voice asking:

"Buy an orange, sir?"
"How do you sell them?" said the stranger, looking into her eyes.

"Five cents each," said the maiden, holding a large one towards him.

"Cheap,"
"Indeed they are."

This introduction opened the way for a prolonged and serious conversation, in which the girl artlessly revealed to the stranger the poverty of her home, and the necessity of her supporting her sick mother. He was so struck with the girl's manner and singular beauty, that he secretly resolved to visit her home and become more intimately acquainted.

He did so, and after successive visits, won the confidence and love of the maiden, and her mother's consent to their marriage; and when he went back to his Southern home it was with a promise to return in a fortnight for his bride. He came, and now the manly Southerner and the beautiful orange girl are man and wife. He has taken her, the fairest of the fair, to his Southern home, to dwell with him and her aged mother, in opulence, the idol of her husband and blessing of the whole household.

WHAT IS LIFE?—The mere lapse of years is not life. To eat, and drink, and sleep—to be exposed to darkness and the light—to pass round in the mill of habit, and turn thought into an implement of trade—this is not life. In all this but a poor fraction of the consciousness of humanity is awakened, and the faculties still slumber which make it worth while to be—Knowledge, truth, love, beauty, goodness, faith, alone can give vitality to the mechanism of existence. The laugh of mirth that vibrates through the heart, the tears that freshen the dry wastes within, the music that brings childhood back, the prayer that calls the future near, the doubt which makes us meditate, the death which startles us with mystery, the anxiety that ends in trust, are the true nourishment of our natural being.

Man's own being is given to him as the determining element by which he is to understand all things outside himself.—[Becher.]

God never sends an angel to afflict a human soul, but what another follows in its footsteps to heal and to bless.

Every drop of perspiration brought to the brow by labor is the shadow of \$1 earned.

The violent poison of the rattlesnake, or cobra di capella, when subjected to chemical analysis, yields nothing but gum and water.

A WIFE'S HELPING HAND.—At no moment of difficulty does a husband, knowing his own utter helplessness, draw so closely to his wife's side for comfort and assistance, as when he wants a button sewn on his shirt-collar.

Holliness is the consummate flower of heaven.—[Bitterton.]

Youthful poets should not bore their sweethearts too much with singing verses addressed to them. Most hearty young ladies like tender love from a beef more than tender lines from a poet.

The diamond is the ultimate effort, the idealization, the spiritual evolution of coal, the butterfly escaped from its anti-natal tomb, the realization of the coal's highest being.—[Merchant's Jour.]

Satire and Humor.

A GAMER HORSE.—Once on a time, a Yankee who was travelling through Kentucky, had a fine horse, and no money. He had taught the animal to lie down or sit on his haunches when the bridle was pulled pretty hard. Our traveller saw no way of replenishing his purse but by selling his horse, and this he resolved to do the first opportunity. As he was going slowly along, he saw a hunter at some distance from the road, whom he rode up to and accosted. In the course of the conversation he told the latter that he had an invaluable horse to sell—a horse that would set precisely like a setter, when he was in the vicinity of game. Casting his eyes around, at the same time, he discovered some fresh rabbit tracks, he gave the bridle a jerk. The doleful quavering immediately lay down.—"There are some rabbits here," said the rider, "I know by his ears." The Kentuckian, curious to test the reputed sagacity of the horse, searched around, and sure enough, started three or four rabbits. He was greatly surprised, but the Yankee took the affair as a matter of course. To make a long story short, the wonderful horse changed hands on the spot, three hundred dollars being the consideration. His new owner mounted him, and with characteristic hospitality, the Yankee agreed to accompany him home. They soon came to a stream, which they had to cross, and which was rather deep for horsesmen. Judge of the Kentuckian's dismay, when, on pulling the bridle in the middle of the river, his steed subsided in the running waters as if he was a hippopotamus. "How is this?" he roared out, nothing but his head visible.—The Yankee, who was mounted on the hunter's other horse, was not disconcerted in the least, but replied, coolly, "Oh, I forgot to tell you he is as good for fish as he is for rabbits!"—[Tenn. Herald.]

An ardent young Republican rushed into the Herald office in Cleveland last Monday, and handed Benedict a manuscript which read thus:

Two things are necessary to salvation, viz: Faith and Works. In Abraham we have Faith, and in Hannibal, Works. The country is saved.

An Irishman being asked whether he did not often converse with his friend in Irish, replied:

"No, indeed; Jemmy often speaks to me in Irish, but I always answer in English."

"Why so?"
"Because, you see, I don't want Jemmy to know that I understand Irish."

A farmer out West, importuned to take shares in some stock company, said that plow-shares and Devou stock were the kind for him.

Month's Department.

At twenty-seven inches of snow with five inches of water, how much will a cow give when the rain begins to fall? Multiply the snow by the number of hairs on the cow's tail, then divide the product by a turnip, add a pound of cheese, and you have the answer.

Arrive at Problem in last week's paper: Cost of the cow, \$125.

NO MAGPIE.—Dean Swift, in travelling once, called at a house. The lady of the mansion, rejoiced to have so great a guest, with much eagerness and flattery asked him what he would have for dinner. "Will you have an apple pie, or a gooseberry pie, sir, or a cherry pie, or a plum pie, or a pigeon pie, sir?" "Any pie, madam, but a magpie," replied the Dean in his usual, dry, sarcastic manner.

An editor wanting a line to fill up the column, gave—
"Shoot Jolly as the line." Puns.
In setting up the above, the Devil had it thus—
"Shoot Jolly as the line, Puns."

Miscellaneous.

The following are among Garibaldi's proclamations. The first is to the Neapolitan army: "Foreign invasions reign over Italy; around in consequence of Italian discord, but on the day of Saminitis and Marti, united with the brethren of Sicily, you shall join the Italian of the North. On that day our nation, of which you are the finest part, shall resume its places in former times among the nations of Europe. I, an Italian soldier, only aspire to see you drawn up, side by side, with these soldiers of Vares and San Martina, in order jointly to fight against the enemy of Sicily."

(Signed.) "G. GARIBOLDI."
Another proclamation is to the inhabitants of Naples: "It's time for you to imitate the magnanimous example of Sicily by rising against the most impious of tyrants to the persecuted and blood-thirsty race that has so long tortured and trampled on you. Let the Free Government succeed, which eleven millions of Italians now enjoy, and substitute for the foul Bourbon flag, the tri-color, the happy symbol of National independence and unity, without which true and durable liberty is impossible. Your brethren of the North desire nothing more than to see you join the Italian family."

(Signed.) "G. GARIBOLDI,"
"G. RICARDI,"
"BARON STACCO."

One to the Sicilians as follows: "Sicilians, I have brought you a body of brave men, who have hastened to respond to the heroic cry of 'Sicily!'"

We, the remnants of the battles of Lombardy, are with you. All we ask is the freedom of our land. Union, the work will be easy and short. To arms, then. He who does not snatch up a weapon is a coward and a traitor to his country. Want of arms is no excuse. We need muskets, but at present any weapon will do, in the hands of a brave man. The Municipalities shall provide for the women, children and old men, deprived of their support. To arms, all of you. Sicily shall once more teach the world how a country can be freed from its oppressors by the powerful will of a united people."

(Signed.) "GARIBOLDI."

The Japanese and Hooped Skirts. WASHINGTON, May 23, 1860.

The crowd of "outside barbarians" about Willard's Hotel yesterday, to see the Japanese, was greater than ever. The curiosity is as great on one side as the other. The enormous hooped skirts they can't understand, although Captain Porter has tried hard to explain it to them. Tommy, one of the interpreters, a boy seventeen years old, who has been skylarking with the crowds of ladies and children gathered on the sidewalks under his window ever since they arrived, concluded the other day to make a practical test, which he did by feeling of one of the ladies' skirts, and asking if it was solid. Since that time, the ladies have been rather shy of Tommy.

ATTEMPTED MURDER IN THE OHIO PENITENTIARY.—Yesterday morning a convict named Jones, from Muskingum county, made a ferocious assault upon another convict in Hayden's shop with a saddle-stitch. The guards interfered just in time to arrest a fatal result. The man's head was cut horribly in several places. He was placed in the hospital and attended by the prison physician, Dr. Hamilton, who reports him violently deranged and his recovery doubtful. Jones was put in solitary confinement. It is not known what differences existed between the men.—[Ohio State Journal, 26th.]

The wife of Rev. Dr. Root, Congressional minister at Springfield, Ohio, recently eloped with a married man, the father of five children.

MELANCHOLY TRUTHS.—"Out of 1000 published books, 600 never pay the cost of printing, etc., 200 just pay expenses, 100 return a slight profit, and only 100 show a substantial gain. Of these 1000 books, 650 are forgotten by the end of the year, and 150 more at the end of three years; only 50 survive seven years' publicity. Of the 50,000 publications put forth in the 17th century, hardly more than 50 have a great reputation and are reprinted. Of the 80,000 works published in the 18th century, posterity has hardly preserved more than were rescued from oblivion in the 17th century. Men have been writing books these 3000 years, and there are hardly more than 500 writers throughout the globe who have survived the outrages of time and the forgetfulness of man."

The name of Idaho for the new Territory of Pike's Peak, is an Indian name, signifying "Gem of the Mountain."

Political.

(From the Missouri Democrat.)
NEW NUBERRY BALLADS FOR GOOD LITTLE DEMOCRATS.

I. Sing a song of Charleston! Battle full of fight! All the thoughtless demagogues Raped into piety when the tide was spent, The South began to sing, 'Twas little the demagogues thought of our King!

II. Hallelujah, hallelujah! The freed Scott child! The demagogues make the South sing, The Little King awakes to see the sport, And the Southers shout their approval!

III. There was a little Lincoln, Who wasn't very wise, He jumped into Covert's net, And scratched out both his eyes! And when he found his eyes were out, With all his might and main He bolted off to Baltimore To scratch them in again!

IV. The Little Woman Heard the News. The correspondent of the Chicago Journal writes from Springfield, Ill., Lincoln's home, as follows:

Perhaps some reader will be curious to know how "Honest Old Abe" received the news of his nomination. He had been up in the telegraph office during the first and second ballots on Friday morning. As the vote of each State was announced on the platform, at Chicago, it was telegraphed to Springfield, and those who were gathered there figured up the vote, and hung over the result with the same breathless anxiety as the crowd at the Wigwam. As soon as the second ballot was taken, and before it had been announced by the Secretaries, Mr. Lincoln walked over to the State Journal office. He was sitting there conversing while the third ballot was being taken.

When Carter, of Ohio, announced the change of four votes, giving Lincoln a majority, and before the great tumult of applause in the Wigwam had fairly begun, it was telegraphed to Springfield. Mr. Wilson, the Telegraphic Superintendent, who was in the office, instantly wrote on a scrap of paper, "Mr. Lincoln, you are nominated on the third ballot," and gave it to a boy who ran with it to Mr. Lincoln. He took the paper in his hand, and looked at it long and silently, not heeding the noisy exultation of all around, and then rising and putting the note in his vest pocket, he quietly remarked, "There's a little woman down at our house would like to hear this. I'll go down and tell her."

How "Abe" Pulled Fodder. We have heard, says the Evansville (Ind.) Journal, the following anecdote related of the People's candidate for the Presidency, which shows the love of knowledge, the industry, the conscientiousness, and the integrity of the subject of this sketch:

It is well known that he lived in Spencer county, above here in Indiana, in his young days. He was a hard working lad, and very eager in his thirst for knowledge. A man named Crawford owned a copy of "Weems' Life of Washington"—the only one in the whole neighborhood. Young Lincoln borrowed that interesting book (not having money to spare to buy one), and while reading it, by a slight negligence left it in a window, when a rain storm came up and wet the book so as to ruin it. Young Lincoln felt very badly, but like an honest boy he went to Mr. Crawford with the ruined book, acknowledged his accountability for its destruction, and his willingness to make due compensation. He said he had no money, but would work out the value of the book.

The owner of the book said to him, "Well, Abe, being as it's your, I won't be hard on you. If you will come over and pull fodder for two days I'll let you off."

Abe went over accordingly, and pulled fodder the requisite time, and so tall and handy a lad was he that Crawford required him to pull fodder for the tallest stalks, while he took the shortest ones himself.

This story is told with much gusto by one of our prominent citizens who used to know Abe Lincoln in his young days in Spencer county, and who now—since the once humble lad has become the choice of a great party for the highest office in the world—regards him with strong affection, and supports him with enthusiasm.

An Enthusiastic Editor. The editor of the La Salle (Ill.) Press was so happy when he heard of Lincoln's nomination that he couldn't hold in. He "burst forth" and gave way to his pent-up feelings in these words:

The Rail Mauler of Illinois is the People's Man for President! Throw up your hats! Bring out the guns! Hallelujah! Kick up your heels! Go to! Lemons! He is bound to win! We'll ride him in on a rail! Get out of the way, everybody! Old Abe lives! who chased the Black Dwarf in 1858, but was cheated out of the seat in the U. S. Senate. We intend to have him in the Great Big Chair, and hold the reins! Hurray! Hurray! Amen. The martyr Stephen was stoned to death by his enemies, and expired and went to Heaven. Stephen A. Douglas was stoned to death by his friends at Charleston. He couldn't win. Elect, Elect, Emma Sabinthina. We are happy—in a good humor, we are happy—all over! In conclusion, friends of Old Abe, let us Hallelujah three times! Hurray! Hurray! Hurray! Hurray! Hurray! Hurray! Hurray! Hurray! Hurray!

Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln at Home.

Leaving Chicago at 10 A. M., we shot over the broad and fertile prairies which this great road traverses, and reached Springfield at about 6 P. M. The little town was alive with the excited-enthusiastic population,—the streets blazed with bonfires, and the clear, star-lit sky was filled with the gleam of countless rockets. We took our way quietly and without parade to the residence of Mr. Lincoln,—a large two-story wooden house, raised considerably above the level of the street, and dwarfing, by its greater height and size, the adjoining dwellings. A pile of tar barrels blazed in front of the house; and small Lincoln's were perched one upon each of the gate-posts; and a crowd of the neighbors, male and female, young and old, stood about to watch the proceedings. The door opened into a broad hall, with rooms upon either side. Mr. Lincoln, who had been apprised of our coming, stood at the back end of the double parlor on the left,—in which was a book-case filled with law-books,—and the Committee and other guests upon an adjoining group of themselves around him.

Mr. Ashmun made a brief extempore address, in good taste and few words, and handed him the letter formally announcing the nomination, which had been drawn up and signed by the Committee.

Mr. Lincoln took the letter and made a brief reply to the address. He is very tall, six feet three inches, very slender, and stands perfectly straight. He has very high cheek bones, mild eyes, light brown hair, and a face indicative of a frank, kind, generous, and confident nature. In replying to Mr. Ashmun's address he spoke clearly, slowly, with entire self-possession and dignity of manner. His words have already been reported. Each person was then presented to him in succession by Mr. Ashmun, and was received with the frank cordiality characteristic of Western manners. He made some brief remarks—generally humorous or complimentary—to each,—told two or three anecdotes, and seemed anxious that every one should consider himself perfectly at home. The impression made upon all present was highly favorable. No one doubts that he has all the intellectual ability, the honesty of purpose, and the fixedness of political principle essential to the high position for which he is in nomination. The only apprehension which any of his friends entertain is, that he may lack the iron firmness of will, and the practical experience of men of action, which the passing crisis will render indispensable in a Republican President.

As the company passed out they were presented to Mrs. Lincoln, who received them in an adjoining room. She is apparently fifteen years younger than Mr. Lincoln, has a face indicative of energy and decision of character, and takes manifest and honorable pride in the distinction which has fallen upon her husband.

What they Think of Old Abe in Illinois. Mr. Lincoln's appearance in the "Wigwam," as a spectator of the proceedings of the Convention, was the occasion of a particularly interesting episode. He had, in pursuance of the courtesy extended to him, hardly taken his seat upon the platform, amidst the wildest demonstrations of enthusiasm, when Mr. Oglesby of Decatur announced to the delegates that an old Democrat of Macon county, who had grown gray, in the service of that party, desired to make a contribution to the Convention, and the offer being accepted, forthwith two old fence mills, decorated with flags and streamers, were brought through the crowd into the Convention, bearing the inscription—

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.
THE FREE REPUBLICAN.
FOR PRESIDENT IN 1860.
Two rails from a lot of 2,000 made in 1850, by Thomas Hanks and Abe Lincoln—shows that father was a first pioneer of Macon county.

The effect was electrical. One spontaneous burst of applause went up from all parts of the "Wigwam," which grew more and more deafening as it prolonged, and which did not wholly subside for ten or fifteen minutes after. The cheers upon cheers which rent the air could have been heard all over the adjacent country. Of course "Old Abe" was called out, and made an explanation of the matter. He stated that, some thirty years ago, just emigrating to the State, he stopped with his mother's family for one season, in what is now Macon county; that he built a cabin, split rails and cultivated a small farm on the Sangamon river, some 6 or 8 miles from Decatur. These, he was informed, were taken from the fence; but whether they were or not, he had mauling many, and many better ones since he had grown to manhood. The cheers were renewed with the same vigor when he concluded his remarks, and as they subsided, many a delegate, in thoughtful mood, contrasted the present position of the noble, self-taught, self-made statesman and patriot, whose name is now mentioned in connection with the highest office in the gift of the nation, with that of the humble pioneer and rail-maker of thirty years ago.—[Illinois State Journal.]

Gov. Chase on the Nomination of Lincoln.

At the large Republican Ratification Meeting held in Columbus on Tuesday evening, Gov. Chase was called for, and spoke substantially as follows, according to the Journal's report:

MY FELLOW-CITIZENS:—In this mighty gathering, and in all this pervading enthusiasm, I see the issue of the campaign. The manner in which you and your fellow-citizens throughout the country respond to the nominations made at Chicago is a rare promise of success, and I congratulate you upon the cheering prospect before us. The connection of my own name in the National Convention with the nomination for the Presidency renders it proper that I should say that I was placed in that attitude by the action of the Republicans of Ohio, a very large majority of whom, in their State Convention, presented my name to the Republicans of the Union as their choice for the Presidency. I regard the expression of the State Convention as the law for the State delegation; and, so regarding it, had expected of it the same unity of action that characterized the course of the New York delegation in the support of Mr. Seward, of the Illinois delegation in the support of Mr. Lincoln, and of the Pennsylvania delegation in the support of Mr. Cameron, under similar circumstances. But with the final choice of the Chicago Convention I am entirely satisfied, with its declaration of principles I am satisfied. Every principle in that platform I have publicly avowed and advocated for many years, and its declarations still meet with my cordial concurrence.

It has been said that the nomination of certain candidates might have endangered the success of the cause we have all so much at heart. God forbid that my nomination or that of any other man should imperil the triumph of Republican principles! Those principles are dearer to me than all worldly personal considerations, and I rejoice that, although I was not nominated, my principles were, and that they have so far and so faithfully a representative in the coming contest as Abraham Lincoln, of Illinois.

The doctrines of the Republican party are about to receive a triumphant vindication at the hands of the American people. They and those who have advocated them have heretofore been persistently misrepresented, but let me say that even the slaveholding States themselves, under a wise and patriotic Republican administration, will soon discover the error into which they have been led by these misrepresentations. For myself, I cherish no hostility towards the people of the Southern States. I would not deprive them of a single right guaranteed to them by the Constitution—nor does the Republican party propose to do so. It simply contends for freedom from Slavery there.

It believes that freedom and free labor will best develop their resources, and contribute most to the welfare and happiness of those who may emigrate thither, from the Slave States as well as from the free. In the former there is a comparatively smaller class of slaveholders, while the great majority of white inhabitants are non-slaveholders and poor. We contend that the Territories should be opened to the poor emigrant, whether from the North or the South, and that thus shall be perpetuated a true Popular Sovereignty, in which the majority shall govern, rather than a class control. In the Southern States there are thousands, kept down by poverty and social distinctions, who long for schools and churches, and for unrestricted opportunities of self-education and elevation in the social scale. We Republicans propose, by leaving the Territories in reserve for them, to furnish them these advantages; and it is a very fortunate and significant circumstance that this leading idea of the Republican creed is so well represented by our candidates.

The life of Mr. Lincoln furnishes an illustration of the operation of that idea. His grand-parents were natives of Virginia, his parents of Kentucky, and they were poor. Young Lincoln left the unfriendly atmosphere of slavery in his native State, and removed to Indiana, where he could breathe free air and carve out for himself a more favorable destiny. Had he never made that removal, it is scarcely probable that surrounded him he would have risen to the high position he now occupies before the people of the nation. But he came over on to free soil, where generous sympathies awaited the laborer, and helped him on in his upward career. Rising by his own noble efforts, he is to-day the chosen Presidential candidate of the Republican party, and on the 4th of March next will be the duly chosen President of the United States.

Of the nominee for Vice-President, I can truly say that he is eminently worthy of the confidence reposed in him. I have served with him long in public life, and have known him well. He has been a life-long Democrat—not of the modern type, but of the school of Jefferson and Franklin. His Democracy is not of that kind which consists in subservience to the dictates of a slaveholding class, and whose highest manifestation is in the slavery with which its devotees will chase a runaway nigger, but that Democracy upon which our institutions are based; which, towering sublimely above the selfish interest of classes and factions, is enthroned upon the solid foundations of true popular sovereignty—the expressed will of an intelligent and patriotic people. I can pronounce upon him no higher eulogium than to say that he is worthy of association upon the same ticket with Abraham Lincoln.

Gov. Chase concluded his speech, of which the foregoing is an imperfect and hasty sketch, by a stirring appeal to Republicans to do their whole duty in the coming campaign.—There is now every indication of success, but success is never won without effort, and it is always well to make assurance doubly sure. If this be done, on the evening of the fourth of March next the country would rejoice over the election of Abraham Lincoln as President of the United States.

The speech was well timed, and repeatedly interrupted with applause. At the close the vast multitude gave three rousing cheers for Chase and three more for Lincoln.

A Visit to Lincoln. A gentleman who was among a number of others that went to Springfield after the adjournment of the Chicago Convention, to call upon the Republican candidate for the Presidency, has described the visit in a private communication to the N. Y. Post, from which we make the following extract:

"It had been reported by some of Mr. Lincoln's political enemies that he was a man who lived in the 'lowest Howser style,' and I thought I would see for myself. Accordingly, as soon as the business of the Convention was closed, I took the cars for Springfield. I found Mr. Lincoln living in a handsome but not pretentious double two-story frame house, having a wide hall running through the center, with parlors on both sides, neatly but not ostentatiously furnished. It was just such a dwelling as a majority of the well-to-do residents of these fine western towns occupy. Everything about it had a look of comfort and independence.

The library I remarked in passing, particularly, and I was pleased to see long rows of books, which told of the scholarly tastes and culture of the family.

"Lincoln received us with great, and to me, surprising urbanity. I had seen him before in New York, and brought with me an impression of his awkward and ungainly manner; but in his own house, where he doubtless feels himself free from the strange New York circles, he had thrown this off, and appeared easy, if not graceful. He is, as you know, a tall, lank man, with a long neck, and his ordinary movements are unusually angular, even out of the ordinary. However, as he gets interested in conversation, his face lights up and his attitudes and gestures assume a certain dignity and impressiveness. His conversation is direct, agreeable and polite. You see at once from it that he is a man of decided and original character. His views are all his own; such as he has worked out from a patient and varied scrutiny of life, and not such as he has learned from others. Yet he cannot be called opinionated. He listens to others like one eager to learn, and his replies evince at the same time both modesty and self-reliance. I should say that sound common sense was the principal quality of his mind, although at times a striking phrase or word reveals a peculiar vein of thought. He tells a story well, with a strong idiomatic smack, and seems to relish humor both in himself and others. Our conversation was mainly political, but of a general nature. One thing Mr. Lincoln remarked, which I will venture to repeat. He said that in the coming Presidential canvass he was wholly uncommitted to any cables or cliques, and that he meant to keep himself free from them, and from all pledges and promises.

"I had the pleasure, also, of a brief interview with Mrs. Lincoln, and, in the circumstances of these persons, I trust I am not trespassing on the sanctities of private life in saying a word in regard to the lady. Whatever of awkwardness there may be ascribed to her husband, there is none of it in her.—On the contrary, she is quite a pattern of lady-like courtesy and polish. She converses with freedom and grace and is thoroughly at ease in all the little amenities of society. Mrs. Lincoln belongs, by the mother's side, to the prominent family of Kentucky, has received a liberal and refined education, and, should she ever reach it, will adorn the White House. She is, I am told, a strict and consistent member of the Presbyterian Church.

"Not a man of us who saw Mr. Lincoln but was impressed by his ability and character. In illustration of the last, let me mention one or two things, which your readers, I think, will be pleased to hear. Mr. Lincoln's early life, as you know, was passed in the roughest experience on the frontier, and among the roughest sort of people. Yet I have been told that, in the face of all these influences, he is a strictly temperate man, never using wine or strong drink; and, stranger still, he does not 'twist the filthy weed,' nor smoke, nor use profane language of any kind. When we consider how common these vices are all over the country, particularly in the West, it must be admitted that it exhibits no little strength of character to have refrained from them.

"Mr. Lincoln is popular with his friends and neighbors; the habitual equity of his mind points him out as a peace-maker and composer of difficulties; his integrity is proverbial, and his legal abilities are regarded as of the highest order. The subjugation of 'Honest Old Abe' has been won by years of upright conduct, and is the popular homage to his probity. He carries the marks of honesty in his face and entire deportment.

"I am the more convinced, by this personal intercourse with Mr. Lincoln, that the action of our Convention is altogether judicious and proper. J."

appeal to Republicans to do their whole duty in the coming campaign.—There is now every indication of success, but success is never won without effort, and it is always well to make assurance doubly sure. If this be done, on the evening of the fourth of March next the country would rejoice over the election of Abraham Lincoln as President of the United States.

The speech was well timed, and repeatedly interrupted with applause. At the close the vast multitude gave three rousing cheers for Chase and three more for Lincoln.

A Visit to Lincoln. A gentleman who was among a number of others that went to Springfield after the adjournment of the Chicago Convention, to call upon the Republican candidate for the Presidency, has described the visit in a private communication to the N. Y. Post, from which we make the following extract:

"It had been reported by some of Mr. Lincoln's political enemies that he was a man who lived in the 'lowest Howser style,' and I thought I would see for myself. Accordingly, as soon as the business of the Convention was closed, I took the cars for Springfield. I found Mr. Lincoln living in a handsome but not pretentious double two-story frame house, having a wide hall running through the center, with parlors on both sides, neatly but not ostentatiously furnished. It was just such a dwelling as a majority of the well-to-do residents of these fine western towns occupy. Everything about it had a look of comfort and independence.

The library I remarked in passing, particularly, and I was pleased to see long rows of books, which told of the scholarly tastes and culture of the family.

"Lincoln received us with great, and to me, surprising urbanity. I had seen him before in New York, and brought with me an impression of his awkward and ungainly manner; but in his own house, where he doubtless feels himself free from the strange New York circles, he had thrown this off, and appeared easy, if not graceful. He is, as you know, a tall, lank man, with a long neck, and his ordinary movements are unusually angular, even out of the ordinary. However, as he gets interested in conversation, his face lights up and his attitudes and gestures assume a certain dignity and impressiveness. His conversation is direct, agreeable and polite. You see at once from it that he is a man of decided and original character. His views are all his own; such as he has worked out from a patient and varied scrutiny of life, and not such as he has learned from others. Yet he cannot be called opinionated. He listens to others like one eager to learn, and his replies evince at the same time both modesty and self-reliance. I should say that sound common sense was the principal quality of his mind, although at times a striking phrase or word reveals a peculiar vein of thought. He tells a story well, with a strong idiomatic smack, and seems to relish humor both in himself and others. Our conversation was mainly political, but of a general nature. One thing Mr. Lincoln remarked, which I will venture to repeat. He said that in the coming Presidential canvass he was wholly uncommitted to any cables or cliques, and that he meant to keep himself free from them, and from all pledges and promises.

"I had the pleasure, also, of a brief interview with Mrs. Lincoln, and, in the circumstances of these persons, I trust I am not trespassing on the sanctities of private life in saying a word in regard to the lady. Whatever of awkwardness there may be ascribed to her husband, there is none of it in her.—On the contrary, she is quite a pattern of lady-like courtesy and polish. She converses with freedom and grace and is thoroughly at ease in all the little amenities of society. Mrs. Lincoln belongs, by the mother's side, to the prominent family of Kentucky, has received a liberal and refined education, and, should she ever reach it, will adorn the White House. She is, I am told, a strict and consistent member of the Presbyterian Church.

"Not a man of us who saw Mr. Lincoln but was impressed by his ability and character. In illustration of the last, let me mention one or two things, which your readers, I think, will be pleased to hear. Mr. Lincoln's early life, as you know, was passed in the roughest experience on the frontier, and among the roughest sort of people. Yet I have been told that, in the face of all these influences, he is a strictly temperate man, never using wine or strong drink; and, stranger still, he does not 'twist the filthy weed,' nor smoke, nor use profane language of any kind. When we consider how common these vices are all over the country, particularly in the West, it must be admitted that it exhibits no little strength of character to have refrained from them.

"Mr. Lincoln is popular with his friends and neighbors; the habitual equity of his mind points him out as a peace-maker and composer of difficulties; his integrity is proverbial, and his legal abilities are regarded as of the highest order. The subjugation of 'Honest Old Abe' has been won by years of upright conduct, and is the popular homage to his probity. He carries the marks of honesty in his face and entire deportment.

"I am the more convinced, by this personal intercourse with Mr. Lincoln,